

MOTHER BUNCH'S
CLOSET Newly BROKE OPEN;

Wherein is discovered many
Rare SECRETS of ART and NATURE,
tried and expericaced by learned Philosophers,

A N D

Recommended to the the ingenious young Men
and Maids, teaching them, in a natural Way,
how to get good Wives and Husbands..

Together with
Directions for, and the Manner of St Agne's Fast Jan 21
the washing of the Smock at Midsummer Eve; the
Sowing of Hemp seed; the Dutch Cake: how in
Sleep and Dreams to see and know them really.
By your loving Friend Poor Tom for the King; a Lover
of Mirth, and a Hater of Traitors and Treason.

P A R T J.



Newcastle Printed in this present Year.

NO OTHER BUNCHES
CLOSET NEW BROOKLYN
When is covered
The Dress of a Lady
=====



R E A D E R.

NO Harm at all is in this Set,
But teaching Maids Husbands to get;
And all young Men of each Degree,
Turn over the Leaf, and you may see
What here is writ in Merriment,
Hoping it will you all content.

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Mother Bunch's Closet opened,

Wherein is discovered many

Rare SECRETS of ART and NATURE.

R EADING over many ancient Histories, it was my Chance to meet with this Story of an old Woman, that lived in the *West* Country, who took Delight in studying how to know what a sweetheart she might have; for at that Time she thought she had tarried very long, being full twenty Years of Age, and thought in her Mind, that her Fortune was not so good as other Maids which she knew were married, some at fifteen, and some at sixteen, which troubled her very sore; but to prevent all other Doubts, she was resolved to try an old Story, which she had heard her Grandmother talk of many a Time; and did, and finding it to be true, she took upon her, as you will find in the following Discourse.

Upon a Time this old Woman (having newly buried her Husband, and was a Widow,

dow) oftentimes delighted to walk Abroad in the Fields to take the Air, sometimes thinking of the Loss of her Husbands, for she had had three, yet she had a Desire to have another intending to use her former Rules: So it happened, as she was walking alone, she espied a proper young Maid, on the Side of a Meadow, near a Hedge side, to whom she addressed herself in the following Manner.

Bunch. Good-morrow Maid, how do you do? Are you well you look so civilly.

Maid. Yes, I am not sick, neither am I very well, for indeed I am a little troubled in Mind

B. What is it? Tell me, and if I can do any Good, I shall be very willing, for I have some little Judgement in many Things, therefore be not asham'd to tell me the Truth: What is it that thou art so much troubled withal.

M. Indeed old Mother since you do urge me so much I shall let you understand the Truth; and thus it is: We be three Sisters; as for the second she was married about a year ago; and the third was married the last week; I am the eldest, and no Man heeds me

B. Well, Daughter, if this be all that thou tellest me, I do believe I can teach thee how to ease thyself in this Condition: for when I was young, I was in the very same State, and with reading over some Historians, I found out an Art how to know him that should

should be my Husband, and what colour his Hair should be; which if you will promise to keep as a Secret, I am very ready to teach thee.

M. I will truly; and if you will do so much for me, I shall think myself very much beholden to you; and if my fortune prove right, I will be very grateful.

*B. Why then, I will tell thee in the first Place thou must observe St Agnes's Day, which is upon the 21st of January; and on that Day thou must be sure that no man salute thee, nor kiss thee; I mean, neither Man, Woman, nor Child must kiss thy Lips on that Day; and then at Night, before thou goest into thy Bed, thou must be sure to put on a clean Shift, and the best thou hast then, the better thou may'st speed; and when thou liest down, lay thy right Hand under thy Head, saying these Words, *Now the God of Love send me my Desire*; and make sure to sleep as soon as thou canst, and thou shalt be sure to dream of him who shall be thy Husband and see him stand before thee; and thou wilt take great notice of him and his complexion; and if he offers to salute thee do not deny him, but shew as much Favour unto him as thou canst; but if he offers to be uncivil to thee, be sure to hold thy Legs together. And now, Daughter, this Counsel which I give thee, be sure thou*

tell it not to any Body; and fare thee well till I see thee again.

M. - I give you many Thanks for your good Advice; but one thing I have further to say to you, What is your Name? And where do you live, that I may come and see you again, for I shall think the time long?

B. Why, I tell thee Daughter, my Name is Mother Bunch, and I live at a Place called Bonny Venture, and if you will but take the Pains to come thither, thou shalt be very welcome; and so farewell.

Now old Mother Bunch being departed from the Maid, and going Homewards, she meets with another pretty Girl.

Girl. Good-morrow Mother Bunch.

Bunch. Good-morrow pretty Maid, whither are you going this Morning? Methinks you be very fine To-day.

G. Fine! Mother Bunch you do but think so.

B. Nay I cannot discommend you, for such young Maids as you must go handsome, or you have much ado to get good Husbands, for I know you think the time very long.

G. No, no, Mother Bunch, I am too young yet.

B. Why Daughter, how old are you?

G. I am but eighteen.

B. But eighteen! never but it; for I do know

know thou dost think thou hast staid long enough, and thou would'st as fain have a good Husband as another.

G. *Aye, Mother Bunch, good Husbands are hard to find out, and especial'y with such as I am, who have no Skill in chusing, or else it may be I would fain have a good Husband.*

B. Thou must take my advice, if thou wilt have a good Husband; thou must be sure to be wise in thy chusing; that is to say take not one that has a red Head, for to be sure he will be one that loveth the Smock so well, that he will be loathed to let his Wife have a good one on her back; neither take one that has yellow Hair, for he will be apt to be jealous; nor a black man, for they oft prove cragged.

G. *Aye but hark you Mother Bunch, if I must have neither red yellow nor black what Colour must I have? It may be I have set my Love on the yellow-hair'd Man already*

B. Why, Daughter I can tell thee what will follow, if he does prove jealous of thee; thou wilt be driven into such a Condition with his Speeches, that you may very well make his words good; for how shall a young Woman ever forbear that which she is always told of? For to be sure, if that he be jealous of thee, thou hast cause to be jealous of him; for there is no Man or Woman that is jealous the one of the other, but are false them-

themselves; for Whores and Thieves think all alike. But hold a little Daughter, one Thing more I have to say unto thee yet, and it is this. Take Notice of the Sweethearts when they come a wooing to thee, I mean of their civil Behaviour; for if they swear, vow, and make great protestations, then take Care of thyself, for many Words cause Disimulation: But if a Man come unto thee that is sparing of his Words and very civil in his Carriage, there are hopes he will prove a loving Man; and Love passes above all the Means in the World.

G. Well now, Mother Bunch, I must take my Leave of you, giving you very many and very hearty Thanks for your good advice, which I intend to take; and so farewell till I see you again.

Another Time Mother Bunch was in a little Meadow not far from her own House, and it was on the 20th Day of April, very early in the Morning, being before Sun-rising, a handsome young Maid seeing her all alone, came to her and said, *Mother Bunch Good-morrow, how do you do? Pray what makes you come Abroad so early this Morning? I am persuaded you are in a deep Study.*

Bunch. Daughter, you say very true, I am studying who shall be your next Husband; and if you please to stay a little While, you shall see a pretty Art which you never saw before,

before, which is to teach thee how to know thy Sweetheart.

M. *That is a pretty Art indeed; I would be glad to know that Art.*

B. Hark, hark! Daughter, is not yonder the Cuckoo singing?

M. *Yes yes and I have not heard her sing this year before now.*

B. Then Daughter, sit you down by me, but hark you Daughter, are you fasting?

M. *Yes, for I have neither eat or drank yet.*

B. Then sit you down by me. I think the Cuckoo is mad, what a Life she leads; I think she is a Witch and knows what we are doing; but no Matter put off thy shoe and Stocking of thy right foot, and let me look between thy great Toes. Now Daughter, do you see this Hair; which is a good long one? Look well at it, what Colour is it?

M. *I think it pretty yellow.*

B. The very same Colour will thy Husband's Hair be.

M. *But, Mother Bunch, I do not matter the colour, so much as I do his Condition.*

B. I will tell thee his Condition he may prove surely enough, and thou wilt be driven into such a Condition with his Speeches, that you may very well make my Words good; for how should a Woman forbear that which she is always told of? You must give him
him

him good Words, for you cannot but do him one good Turn for another: But as for that thou must keep that to thyself; it is an ill Bird befouls its own Nest; to kiss and tell his foul play.

M. *Mother Bunch, you make me smile, you talk so merrily.*

B. Come Daughter, 'tis no great Matter merry Talk does no Harm, but drives the Time away: but as for the Deed doing, I leave that to your own Discretion. But hark you Daughter, I have had three Husbands myself, and I think to have another yet; and do you think I am so mad as to tell him all that I do? No, I am not so mad, and I think you will be a little wiser. Then, Daughter, I have another Way for to teach thee how thou shalt know who will be thy husband; I know it will prove true, having tried it myself, and now is the best Time of the Year for to try it: Therefore take notice of what I say: take a *St. Thomas's Onion*, pare it and lay it on a clean Handkerchief; then lay it under your Head, put on a clean Smock, sweep the Room clean where you lie, and as soon as thou art laid down lay thy Arms abroad and say these Words,
*Good St Thomas d' me Right,
 And bring my Love to me this Night;
 That I may look him on the Face,
 And in my Arms may him embrace.*

Then

Then lying on thy Back, with thy Arms abroad, get asleep as soon as thou canst, and in thy first Sleep thou shalt dream of him who is to be thy Husband; he will come and offer to kiss thee; do not hinder him, but strive to catch him in thy Arms; and if thou dost get hold of him, hold him fast, for that is he. Yet I have an another pretty Way for a Maid to know her Sweetheart; to wit, take a Summer Apple of the best Fruit thou canst get, and three of the best pins thou canst get, and stick them close into the Apple up to the Head. As you stick them in, take Notice which of them is in the Middle, and what Name thou fanciest best give to the middlemost Pin; put it into thy left Hand Glove, and lay it under thy Pillow on Saturday at Night; but be in Bed before you lay it under your Head; and when you have so done, clap your hands together, speaking these Words:

If thou be he that must have me,

To be thy wedded Brise:

Make no delay but come away,

This Night to my bed-side.

And in thy first Sleep thou shalt see him come in his shirt and lie down by you, and if he offers any Abuse, it is a Sign he may prove one that will love another Woman besides

besides you; but if he puts his hand over to embrace you be not afraid of him; for it is a great Sign he will prove a good Husband: And this is as good a Way for a young man to know his Sweetheart, giving the middlemost Pin that Name he fancies best, putting, an Apple in the right Hand Glove, and laying it under his Pillow when he is in Bed saying.

*If thou be she that must have me,
In Wedluck for to join;
Make no Delay but come away
Unto this bed of mine.*

And that Night he may see her come, and if she comes in her Smock and Petticoat, that is a great Sign she may prove a very civil Woman; but if she comes without her Petticoat, there is Danger she may prove a Ranter, and therefore better lost than won. Now, Daughter, the Time passeth away, and I must be gone; so I will now bid you farewell.

M. *Mother Bunch, I give you many Thanks for your good Counsel, And I intend to take your Advice. Farewel.*



MOTHER BUNCH'S
D I R E C T I O N S
TO ALL

YOUNG MEN and MAIDS.

UPON a Time Mother *Bunch* being bid to a Wedding, where a great many young Men and Maids were met, they knowing she was a very old Woman, had a great Desire to drink with her, and to have some civil Discourse. She coming to them, one young Man said to her *Mother Bunch*, *we know you are a Woman that hath Judgement in many Things; I pray you tell me my Fortune.*

Bunch. Why dost thou think that I can tell Fortunes; No I cannot tell Fortunes; but I can say this of you that you will never be true to one Woman, because you wink too much with one eye; therefore you may hold your Tongue.

Aye, but Mother Bunch, (says another) what thinst thou of me?

B. Of thee; Why, I tell thee, thou may'st come to marry a Lady, if thou canst but lay a great wager with her, Three to One, and she do lay with thee, thou wilt be very like to win, for thou hast Mettle in thee; but have a Care she win not the Odds of thee; for if she does, then thou art clear gone; and so farewell.

Now Mother Bunch takes her Leave, and going Home, she met with a young Maid who was going to a Wedding, who spoke to her after this Manner;

Maid. How do you Mother Bunch?

Bunch. Thank you, Daughter, whither are you going? To the Wedding, I believe.

M. Aye, Mother Bunch, so am I; but hark you, Mother, will you sit down a While, for I have something to say to you.

B. What is it dear Daughter.

M. Why, Mother, you can tell many Things if you please; and I would have you tell me when you think I shall be married.

B. Bye, but Daughter, would you fain be married?

M. Yes, Mother, if I could get a Husband?

B. Then, Daughter, I will tell thee the best I can, if thou wilt take my Counsel: In the month of January there are many dan-

dangerous Days for thee to take Notice of; that is, on the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth, there is a great danger; for if you think to be married on any of these Days, I say there is a great Danger that thy Husband will make thee a Cuckold, or thou wilt make him one, or else you will be soon parted by one Means or other. But yet for all there is so many bad Days in this Month, I can tell thee of one Day that is lucky, and many young Men and Maidens have a great Deal of Heart's Ease on that Day, or the Day after, as I will let you understand; and if thou wilt take my Counsell, I shall tell thee: There is in *January* a Day call'd *St. Agnes' Day*, it is always the one and twentieth of that Month; this *St. Agnes* had a great Favour for young Men and Maids, and will bring unto their Bed-side at (Night) their Sweethearts, if they follow this Rule, as I shall declare unto thee. Upon this Day thou must be sure to keep a true Fast, for thou must not eat or drink all that Day, nor at Night; neither let any Man, Woman, or Child kiss thee that Day; and thou must be sure at Night, when thou goest to Bed, to put on a clean Shift, and the best thou hast, the better thou may'st speed, and thou must have clean cloaths on thy Head, for *St. Agnes* does love to see clean Cloaths when she comes; and when thou liest down on thy
Back

Back as streight as thou canst, and both thy Hands are laid underneath thy Head, then say,

*Now good St. Agnes, play thy Part,
And send to me my own Sweetheart,
And shew me such a happy bliss,
This Night of him to have a Kiss.*

And then be sure to fall asleep as soon as thou canst, and before thou awakest out of thy first Sleep, thou shalt see him come and stand before thee, and thou shalt percieve by his Habit what Tradesman he is; but be sure thou declarest not thy Dream to any Body in ten Days, and by that Time thou may'st come to see thy Dream come to pass. All this I have proved three Times; for I have had three Husbands, and they proved three Tradesmen; the first was a Straw Joiner, the second a Mouse Trap-maker, and the third was the Gentle Craft, and he came to me with his Awle in his Hands, and would needs prick me, aye, and did prick me, but did not hurt me; for when I awaked out of my Dream I was never the worse; but I thought Time very long till he came again, and so will all Maids do that have a Desire to be married; but as for those that are not minded to try St. Agnes, I will tell them the best Way I can to chuse them Husbands by Fanc-

ey; for as I know some Maids would have Husbands, some of one Condition, and some of another; for some would say that they would have a handsome Man, a neat Man, a witty Man, and a pretty Man. Nay there is no good Conditions that belongs to a Man, but they would wish them to have, them all, which is a Thing really impossible; but I must needs tell such as be so covetous, that they may come to be beholden to the Proverb, which says,

*If you will not when you may,
When you will you shall have Nay.*

Therefore take my Counsel; that is, if a young Man comes to you, who is of a civil Carriage, and of good honest Parentage, and one you Think that you can love, then be not scornful to him, but give him civil encouragement according to his Behaviour; but for all Conditions be sure to hold thy Legs together, till thou hast authority to lay them wide open.

And as to young Men I advise them that they be wary in their Choice; for there is as much danger in chusing a Wife, as can be in young Women chusing Husbands, for there is deceit in both; therefore I advise them to look before they leap, and in so doing prevent Danger in Time: Therefore
young

young Men take a little of my Counsel in your Choice if thou canst chuse; take not one with a long Nose, with a scowling Brow and thin Lips; for in such is great Danger, and commonly proves the worst Weapon she has; for I am sure he that is tied to a Scold is tied to a World of Sorrow; also chuse not one that is counted a Slut; for if she be a Slut, to be sure she is idle withal, and those two Companions will bring thee to Poverty; nay besides the old Saying is *A Slut will poison the Gut*; and if thou disdain to eat with her, thou wilt think much to lie with her; and if thou forsake her Bed, thou must have one some where, but where, judge thou thyself; yet now I will let thee understand my best Advice for young Men to chuse their Wives. In the first place, be sure you take one for Love, not altogether for Riches:

*For Riches have Wings, to fly away,
But true Love will ne'er decay.*

For where Love is, there a great Blessing is, and there no want can be, but if thou desire to have a Wife, to live a loving contented Life withal, thou must not set thy Mind too much upon Riches, but chuse a good handsome civil Maid, who is not given to Pride nor scornful in Carriage, and of civil Parentage such a Maid may make a good

good Wife; but one that has a good Fortune will expect to be maintained proudly, and (instead of rubbing his Shins in Bed) will be sure to rub his Nose oft with her great Fortune, which will breed a great Dissention; for ill Words corrupt good Manners, and one evil Word brings on another. So let this suffice those that have a Desire to have good Wives; and to take good Notice of what I have already said, and you may come to speed the better.

And as for young Maids, this is my Advice, if they will not try *St Agnes's* Fortune, then let them be sure to chuse a handsome young Man, that is likely and able to do his Work; for if she be fain to seek after another to do that Work which he should do, it may breed a great Dissention. And thus ended *Mother Bunch's* advice to all her young Maids, wishing good Luck and Fortune to them all. And now rather than you shall think you have not enough for your Money, the Author has added two merry new Songs.

Tune of Cuddle me Cuddie.

YOU young Men and Batchelors all,
Take notice of what I say;
The Strongest Man may catch a Fall,
If w.th Venus he delights to play.

*It is nothing for to woo a Maid,
If you have but to please her withal;
But yet he may soon be betray'd,
If she chance backwards to fall.*

*Young Cupid is a very pretty Boy,
And Venus his Mother loves Sport,
And Gallants do love for to toy
With pretty young Ladies o'th' Court.*

*The Plowman sometimes loves Joan,
Betty, Mary, and lovely Nan;
And he with a merry sweet Tone,
Can please them every one.*

*But Joan loves Jervis the Joiner,
And Betty with Martin can bill;
And Mary loves John the Gold-finder,
And Nan loves George of the Mill.*

*Tom Tinker loves Kate and her Kettle,
And Kate thinks him her best Friend,
Because he is a Man of Mettle,
Concluding my Ditty doth end.*

Another to the same Tune.

ATEND you Gentleman all,
A Story oft proves too true,
For the Poor suffers Hunger and Cold
Which makes them look pitiful blue.
It was written in an Evening bright,
When Bacchus began to be muddy;

And

*And Luna gave glorious Light,
Then poor Tom fell into his Study.*

*Which troubled his Brain full sore,
To see how Extortion doth thrive;
And Conscience kick'd out of the Door.
Such Cruelty now is alive.*

*My lady can dance in h-r Smock,
Whilst Joan Trick-trick'd doth play;
A Cuckold the Cradle may rock
For he that is bound must obey.*

*His Master if he do command,
And his Mistress if she bid him go;
For Women would have all to stand,
Hold, Carmen lest you overthrow.*

*A Woman when she is unlac'd,
Much Danger is got by a Fall;
But between the Foot and the Waist,
The Cobler will work with his Awl.*

Now for these poor young Creatures that have pined themselves by the green-sickness, and neglected the Cure till it is almost past, those that are the worst Pretenders to Phrygnomy might easily guess their distemper and prescribe the Remedy without the Help of a Dispensatory: and all those of what Constitution soever, that languish in single Sheets till fifteen, I will shew (if your Courage can serve to try the Experiment) how

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Now for these poor young Creatures that have pined themselves by the green-sickness, and neglected the Cure till it is almost past, those that are the worst Pretenders to Physiognomy might easily guess their distemper and prescribe the Remedy without the Help of a Dispensatory: and all those of what Constitution soever, that languish in single Sheets till fifteen, I will shew (if your Courage can serve to try the Experiment) how

how you shall know and see the Person that must ease you of the simple Thing so much talk'd of, call'd a Maiden head, by him that must be your Husband; collected from the twelve Sibyls, *Trismogicus*, and *Cornelius Agrippa*.

1. You that desire to know this Way must wait till *Midsummer Eve*; then at Night three or four, more or less, must take your Smocks and dip them in fair Water, then turn the wrong Side outwards, and hang them on Chairs before the Fire; and lay some Salt on another before the Fire; be sure not to speak a Word whatsoever you hear or see; and in a little time the likeness of those Persons you shall marry, will come and turn your Smock and drink to you; and if there be any of you that will never marry they will hear a Bell, but not the rest; however, my Authors are not positive she will die a Maid.

2. There is another Way, and which may be quickly tried: Take some Hemp-seed, and go into what Place you will by yourself, carry the Seed in your Apron and with the right Hand throw it over your Shoulder, saying
Hemp seed I sow, Hemp seed I sow, (more)
He that must be my true Love, come after me and
 And at the ninth Time expect to see the Figure of him you are to have, or else to hear a bell as before.

*Yet though you hear this sad and dismall Bell
Tis your own Fault if you lead Apes in Hell:*

3. There is a third way which is this: You that dare venture into a Church-yard, just as it strikes Twelve, take there a naked sword in your hand, and go nine Times about the Church, saying this: *Here's the sword but where's the scabbard?* Which continue all the Time you go round, and the ninth Time the Person you are to marry will meet you with a scabbard and kiss you, if you hear not a Bell as before.

4. There is a fourth Way, which is called *The Dutch Cake*. Three or more of you are to make a Cake half Flour and half Salt, no matter what Flour it is and some of every one of your own Water; make this Cake broad and thin then every one of you make a Mark that you may know, or set the two Letters of your Name on it with a Pin, or Bodkin, but leave as much distance, that it may be cut, then set it before the Fire to bake, all this while speak not one Word; turn it every one of you once; then let her make a little more and throw on every one a little Salt; she that turns it first let her turn it again, then the Person to be her Husband will cut out her Name and break it in two, and give her one Half; and so on to the next till the last—If there be any so unfor-

unfortunate as to hear a Bell, I wish I had them for my Bedfellow this Night, to prevent their leading Apes in Hell.

5. There is a fifth Way, viz, The first Change of a New Moon in the new Year, the first time you see it, hold your Hands across, and say this three times:

New Moon new Moon, I pray to thee

Tell me this Night who my True Love shall be.

Then go to Bed without speaking any more that Night and thou wilt certainly dream of him thou-art to marry.

6. There is a sixth Way which young Men and Maids have often experienced: Take some Rosemary Flowers and Bay Leaves, a little Thyme, Sweet-marjoram, the Cedar Wood, make this into powder, and so with a little Barley Flour make a Cake, but do not bake it; lay this under your Head any Friday Night, and if you dream of Music, thou wilt marry those you desire in a little Time; if of the Sea or Ships, thou wilt travel first; if of a Church, then thou shalt be contented to die single.

7. The seventh Way is this: The last Time you hear the Cuckoo sing look under your left Shoe, and you shall find a Hair of the Colour of your Wife or Husband, without the Help of the Devil.

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E I N I S.

